live to ſee *to-morrow*'s ſun; the lines on yonder ſtone are juſtly worth remembrance, written on a young lady aged 17:

Seek firſt the LORD in youth, be wiſe,
*Truth*, *virtue*, and *religion* prize,
Do not on *future* time rely,
For ere *to-morrow* thou may'ſt die.*

The amiable, pious, and virtuous *Sabrina*, only daughter of a gentleman in Warwickſhire, deſired the foregoing epitaph might be engraven on her tomb; ſhe was truly a pattern of good works

* Theſe lines are taken from a treatiſe entitled *Solitary Walks*, written in the ſtile and manner of *Hervey's Meditations*, with occaſional notes moral, entertaining, and inſtructive, for the uſe of young gentlemen and ladies.



orks to all around; her parents ever felt a greater ſorrow than her deceaſe, while her friends mented the loſs they ſuſtained by her early death, in tears of heart-felt conſcern; ſhe uſed often to ſay, when invited by her young companions to a *ball*, a play, and uch like diverſions,

Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd* is life,
Part with it as with money, ſparingly;
Buy no moment but in purchaſe of its worth,
And what it's worth, aſk *death-beds*, they can tell.

Dr. YOUNG.

Did we think more frequently on the worth of time, and its ſhortneſs; the length of eternity, and its nearneſs; the value of our ſouls, and their immortality;



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